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Tiffany

# ANITA'S TRIAL.

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ANITA'S TRIAL  
OR  
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FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY

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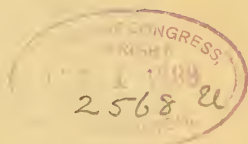
AUTHOR OF "A RICE PUDDING" "YOUNG MR. PRITCHARD"  
"THAT PATRICK" &c.

BOSTON

Walter H. Baker & Co.

1889

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# ANITA'S TRIAL.

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## ACT I.

*Camping-ground in a clearing of the woods. At back a rustic hut or "lean-to," the whole front open to audience. One side, a small tent. Enter, L., MARY and HELEN, carrying kettles, fishing-poles, paddles, blankets, etc.*

MARY. How natural it all looks !

HELEN. Yes, not a leaf altered !

MARY. The old lean-to almost as good as ever. *(They stand paddles and fishing-poles against lean-to, and throw down rest of loads.)*

HEL. Those might be the very violets we picked last year !

MARY. And these the very eggshells we scattered.

HEL. And here are some old tomato cans ! Come, let's toss them into the lake, so as not to offend Clover's artistic eye ! What will you give me if I hit the old willow ? *(Aims can.)*

MARY. What, Kate's willow ? The fatal willow ?

HEL. *(throwing can off stage, L.)*. There ! How's that ?

MARY. I'll go you one better. *(Takes deliberate aim, right arm raised.)*

*(Enter NAN, L., with camera.)*

NAN. I just dodged a tomato can on its hurried way to the lake. Oh, do just keep that position a moment, Mary ; it's awfully suggestive. *(Sets up camera.)*

MARY. Well, be quick about it.

*(Enter AUNT MATILDA, L., with cap-bag, leaning on arm of CLOVER, who carries parasol over AUNT MATILDA'S head.)*

CLOVER. Well, here we are. *(Closes parasol.)* How secluded the place is ! You'd never dream the highroad to the city ran so close.

MARY and HEL. Safe and sound, Aunt Matilda?

NAN. Oh, do be still just a minute, Mary!

AUNT M. (*panting*). Wait till I get my breath. Thank you, dear, thank you.

CLO. Where's Aunt Matilda's rocking-chair? Ethel started with it.

HEL. Ethel hasn't turned up yet. Will you try a stump till it appears, Aunt Matilda?

AUNT M. Why, of course. I could get along with stumps as well as any of you.

(CLOVER *hangs* AUNT M.'s *bonnet on branch*. AUNT M. *puts on cap with CLOVER'S help*.)

NAN. There — all right, Mary! You can move now.

MARY. Thanks, so much. (*Throws can*.)

HEL. You didn't begin to hit the old willow as squarely as I did.

MARY. All Nan's fault. My arm was simply paralyzed. (*Rubs arm*.) Come on, Helen, let's get some fresh pine boughs to lie on.

(*Enter* ETHEL, L., *with rocking-chair upside down on head*. *Exeunt* HELEN and MARY, R.)

CLO. Oh, there's the chair and Ethel! (*Takes it and carries it to AUNT M.*)

ETHEL. It might be more polite to say, there's Ethel and the chair.

NAN. Where's Kate?

AUNT M. Yes, where is the dear child? Whatever should we say to Harry if anything should happen to Kate?

NAN. Poor Harry!

AUNT M. The last thing before he left, he drew me aside, and, with tears in his eyes, "Aunt Matilda," he said, "Kate and I have been married three months now, and the thought of having to leave her for twenty-four hours is almost unendurable."

NAN. Poor boy!

ETHEL. I hope he'll survive it.

AUNT M. "And I want you to promise me, Aunt Matilda," the dear boy said, "that you will take especial care of Kate, because you know Kate is not like other girls." (*General laughter*.)

NAN. Oh, Kate will turn up all right.

AUNT M. Where's my knitting basket? Oh, here. (*Commences to knit and rock back and forth*.)



CLO. (*kneeling down by AUNT M.*). How homelike you make things look, Aunt Matilda?

ETHEL. Here's Kate.

(*Enter KATE, L.*)

KATE (*pensively*). The very violets he used to pick for me.

ETHEL (*presenting empty sardine box*). And the self-same sardine box he last emptied.

KATE. Oh, how can you!

ETHEL. It's highly improper to desert us, little chaperon. You must remember you are the only married woman in camp.

NAN. Yes, and Aunt Matilda has been so giddy.

AUNT M. Girls, girls!

CLO. (*jumping up*). Come, girls, let's get Aunt Matilda's tent ready.

(*Enter MARY and HELEN, R., with armful of pine boughs, which they spread in lean-to.*)

ETHEL. Where's Aunt Matilda's mattress?

HEL. Dumped right down on the mossy bank, where Kate and Harry —

KATE. Oh, how could you! (*Exeunt KATE, CLOVER, ETHEL, and NAN, L.*)

MARY. I say, Helen, let's go troutng!

HEL. All right! Good-by, Aunt Matilda.

MARY. Good-by.

AUNT M. Good-by, girls. Now promise me not to go and get drowned, or wet your feet, or — (*Exeunt MARY and HELEN, L., with poles.*) If I get safe home with these wild girls, I shall thank my stars.

(*Enter CLOVER and KATE, L., with mattress.*)

CLO. Here's your bed, Aunt Matilda.

AUNT M. As if I couldn't have slept on pine needles, like the rest of you.

(*CLOVER and KATE enter tent with mattress. Enter ETHEL and NAN, L., running.*)

ETHEL. A bear! a bear!

NAN. Run for the tent, Aunt Matilda.

AUNT M. Where — where! (*They hurry AUNT M. into tent.*)

NAN (*peeping through tent flap*). Oh, if I only had my camera!

ETHEL (*peeping through*). Yes, you may never have another chance of asking a bear to sit for you.

AUNT M. (*peeping through*). Oh, if he'd only be content to sit! But do see that little girl!

(*Enter ANITA, L., laughing.*)

ANITA. Ze bear not bite, ladies.

AUNT M. Come in, come in, my dear, or you will be eaten up.

ANITA. Ze bear not bite, ladies. He is a good bear. My farzer lead him by a chain. Have no fear, ladies!

ETHEL (*slipping out*). It's all right, Aunt Matilda. (*NAN slips out, then CLOVER and KATE.*)

AUNT M. Come back, Kate! How shall I ever have the face to break it to Harry that I let you be devoured by a bear!

CLO. (*to ANITA*). A tame bear, you say?

ETHEL. Does he dance?

KATE. Where do you come from?

NAN. Just keep that position two minutes. (*Runs to camera.*)

AUNT M. Girls, if you don't come back this minute, I'll take you right home.

ANITA. My farzer, he and I travels wis ze bear. Ze bear dance. Ze road to ze city lead by zese forests. We is weary. We walk little way in ze cool shade.

CLO. The poor child does look half exhausted.

AUNT M. (*venturing out a little way*). Let her sit down in my rocking-chair.

CLO. What is your name?

ANITA. Anita. I go bring ze bear and he dance for ze ladies.

AUNT M. (*retreating to tent*). No — no — no!

CLO. The bear had best stay where he is.

NAN (*in despair*). If you'd only keep still a moment.

ETHEL. I wish you'd dance for us.

KATE. Oh, do!

ANITA. If ze ladies wish. (*Raises tambourine, strikes it, lets it fall, and sinks to ground.*)

CLO. (*kneeling*). She's fainted!

ETHEL. Water! (*Rushes off, L.*)

NAN. Hot bottles! (*Rushes wildly about.*)

KATE. Here are my salts. Harry would make me bring them.

AUNT M. (*joining group*). Rub her hands — loosen her dress.



ANITA (*recovering*). It is nozing. I have fatigue — hunger — my foot —

CLO. (*holding ANITA'S head*). Quick, Kate, the brandy flask, out of the lunch basket.

ETHEL (*running in, L.*). I filled my hat, but it's all leaking through.

CLO. She's better. (*Takes milk from KATE.*)

ANITA (*drinks*). You so kind — so beautiful.

AUNT M. Oh, there's that dreadful bear man coming with the bear.

ETHEL. I'll tell him to keep his distance. (*Exit, L.*)

CLO. Come, lie down a little while, and then I'll bind up your poor foot. (*Leads ANITA to lean-to, and places her on shawls.*)

AUNT M. After all, we should run much less risk of meeting wild animals if we weren't so near the highroad.

(*Enter ETHEL, L.*)

NAN. This camp has all the modern conveniences.

ETHEL. A farmhouse on one side —

KATE. A meeting-house on the other —

ETHEL. And bears and dancing girls promenading by our front door.

(*Enter DOROTHY, R., out of breath.*)

DOR. Be you the city folks?

ETHEL. As if our dresses didn't proclaim us straight from New York.

DOR. They's some telygrams for you.

KATE. Telegrams? Oh, dear, Harry's ill — I know he's ill. Where are they?

AUNT M. Yes, where!

KATE. I know it's typhoid! He looked so pale when he kissed me good-by. Where's my hat? Who's got a timetable? How far is it to the station?

DOR. Mother, she's got the telygrams. They's three.

(*Enter MRS. DEACON PIPPIN, R.*)

AUNT M. and GIRLS. The telegrams! Give us the telegrams!

MRS. P. (*looking round leisurely*). 'Tain't so drefful on-sightly round here, is it, now?

KATE. My telegram! Quick! Oh, Harry, Harry, why did I ever leave you!

MRS. P. Oh, your telygraph! Which be you? Clover or Matildy? (*Reads.*) "Miss C-l-o-v-e-r" — well, Clover! that's a queer name. Be you Clover?

NAN. Here, Clover. (*Snatches paper and tosses it to CLOVER.*)

MRS. P. Seems to be in kind of a hurry. (*Reads.*)  
"Miss Matilda Reeves." Be you Matildy?

ETHEL (*snatching paper*). Here, Aunt Matilda.

KATE. Oh, hurry!

MRS. P. There ain't nothin' here for you. The other one's for a merried female.

KATE. Then, of course, it's for me. I'm the only married woman here.

MRS. P. (*raising her hands*). Don't tell me you're merried? (*KATE, seizing envelope, steps aside to read it, and bursts into tears.*) Wal, I want to know! (*To NAN.*) Do tell if that little runt's merried?

NAN. To be sure, she is.

MRS. P. Wal, I want to know! She's so slim round, I was just a-goin' to say I mistrusted her mother'd never raise her.

CLO. (*lays shawl under ANITA'S head, and goes to KATE*). What is it, dear? (*KATE throws arms round CLOVER and sobs.*)

AUNT M. Just think! Frank says, "Can't come till Thursday. Detained by business."

ETHEL. What a fraud!

AUNT M. What is it, Kate, — typhoid?

KATE (*coming forward*). No — it's not typhoid.

ETHEL. Scarlet fever?

KATE (*weeping*). No —

AUNT M. Nor smallpox?

KATE. No — not smallpox — but it's almost as bad.

AUNT M. Mercy, child — what is it? Not brain fever?

KATE. He says — he's detained. Can't join us for several days.

ETHEL. That's not a fatal illness, Kate!

NAN. No, there are cases on record where they have survived it.

KATE. You are awfully unfeeling. (*Throws arms round CLOVER.*) You won't laugh at me, will you, Clover?

CLO. (*petting her*). Poor little puss! But only think, Fred telegraphed just the same — he's detained, too.

ETHEL. Then we haven't one solitary man.

NAN. And each of the boys thinks he is the only one detained.

AUNT M. What shall we do? We can never stay here without a man.

MRS. P. (*who has been peering into things, coming forward; aside*). Dorothy, it's money in our pockets to keep them city folks here.

DOR. Why?

MRS. P. Why, you silly child! They'll be for buyin' milk, cream, and eggs the hull time. City folks don't make no more of drinkin' a glass of cream than you would of eatin' a slice of mince pie. (*Aloud.*) Look here — don't you be a mite bothered 'bout stayin' on.

KATE. But we can't without a man.

MRS. P. Deacon Pippin and one of the boys 'll come down and look after you, lievs as not.

AUNT M. Deacon Pippin!

MRS. P. Thet's my husband. A church member in good reg'lar standin', and a deacon these twenty years.

AUNT M. You were not living here last year.

MRS. P. No, we moved in in the fall. Now, the deacon, he likes nothin' better than sleepin' out-of-doors. I often tell him, "Deacon, says I, if you wasn't a church member, and a professor of religion, I b'lieve you'd ruther spend a mornin' in the woods any Sabbath than a-noddin' in your pew to the meetin'."

AUNT M. I am sure you are very kind. We'll think it over.

CLO. Well, let's have something to eat any way. Who'll start a fire?

NAN. Let me.

DOR. Let me help.

NAN. I speak to scramble the eggs.

(*Exeunt NAN, KATE, and DOROTHY, R.*)

MRS. P. There ain't a mounting about here but the deacon'll tell you its name. I was saying to him only this mornin', "Deacon," says I, "any one'd think, to hear you talk, you'd been born and raised to the city, you kinder know so much 'bout trees, and posies, and mountings."

AUNT M. Gracious, what a smoke!

MRS. P. Ef them gels don't set the woods afire — (*Exeunt AUNT M. and MRS. P., R.*)

ETHEL (*to CLOVER*). Now, what is it?

CLO. What's what?

ETHEL. You had bad news in your telegram.

CLO. What makes you think so?

ETHEL. I read it in your face.

CLO. Ethel — something terrible has happened.

ETHEL. What!

CLO. I only read part of my telegram aloud. Fred says (*reads*), "The National Insurance Bank robbed last night."

ETHEL. Harry's bank!

CLO. And then, oh, Ethel, listen. "Fortescue arrested on suspicion of connivance. We shall clear him in a day or two."

ETHEL. Clover!

CLO. (*reading*). "Don't tell Kate or Nan. Stay where you are."

ETHEL. Harry arrested!

CLO. Poor, poor Kate!

ETHEL. Harry arrested!

CLO. Harry, of all men, so upright, so honorable!

ETHEL. Just three months married!

CLO. Poor little Kate!

ETHEL. Surely, Nan should be told — his own sister!

CLO. No, she would be for flying to town, and Kate must not hear a word till he's cleared.

ETHEL. Till he's cleared! The idea of its being necessary to clear Harry, the loveliest, the dearest — (*Begins to cry.*)

CLO. Oh, Ethel, don't! If you give way, what is to become of us?

ETHEL. There — I won't — but — I — but Harry, of all men!

CLO. Ethel, nobody here knows of this but you and me. I depend on you to be your old bright self, and —

ETHEL. I seem to — to — be — regarded — in the light of a clown.

CLO. I, of all people, Ethel, ought to know your tender and loving side. (*Turns head away.*) That hard time I went through —

ETHEL. Clover, have you ever heard from Mr. Hamilton since?

CLO. Never.

ETHEL. You never told him it was for your father's sake you refused him? That you could not leave your father — dared not form new ties — your poor father depending on you as he did for every breath. You never told him this?

CLO. No.

ETHEL. And now your father is dead —

CLO. It is all over.

ETHEL. I am sure he must love you still.

CLO. No — he has forgotten me.

ETHEL. And you — you do not find it so easy to forget?  
Dear Clover!

CLO. Come, this will never do. And I was just insisting on your being gay. I wish I had your power of making people laugh.

ETHEL. Ho! for my cap and bells! (*Exeunt CLOVER and ETHEL, R.*)

(*Enter MRS. PIPPIN, R.*)

MRS. P. (*picking up telegram*). Sakes alive, that must have cost a mint o' money. Telygraphs is public property, I've alwus heard. (*Reads.*) "Darling Kate, detained by business. Cannot join you for several days." Now, I'd like to know what his business is. "Promise not to wet your feet, or row on the lake, or thrust your hand down the hollow willow." Holler willer — thet's kinder queer! Must be pretty important to put it in a telegraph. I wonder, now, which of them trees is a willer.

(*Enter KATE, R., searching ground.*)

KATE. My telegram. I dropped it. Oh — (*Perceiving MRS. P.*) You're reading it. (*Seizes telegram, and exit, R.*)

MRS. P. I hadn't more'n half finished it. Never mind. I'll ask the postmistress! Holler willer! Well, city folks is kinder queer, any ways. You'd think they'd a-lost their senses, comin' and sleepin' on the cold ground, when they might hev a mattress under 'em to hum.

(*Enter AUNT M. and CLOVER, R.*)

CLO. We have decided to accept your kind offer, Mrs. Pippin.

MRS. P. You ain't in want of eggs, or cream, or nothin'? Eggs is — (*Enter, R., LURELLA, reading, and DOROTHY.*) Eggs is — let's see: seein' it's you, I'll let you hev eggs for twenty cents a dozen.

DOR. Why, mother, eggs is sellin' —

MRS. P. Dorothy, you go see them gals don't set the woods afire. (*Exit DOROTHY, R.*) This is my other darter — Lureller Ann. Put up your book, Lureller Ann, and speak to the folks.

LUR. (*limply*). How are you?



MRS. P. She's allers for readin'. Many Lureller Anns your way?

CLO. I never met a Lurella Ann before.

MRS. P. I want ter know! Lureller Ann — there, she's readin' again!

CLO. She's a sweet-looking girl.

MRS. P. Y-es, there ain't nothin' 'xactly vicious 'bout Lureller Ann.

CLO. And Dorothy is such a helpful, unselfish little body.

MRS. P. Wal — y-as. Dorothy, she ain't no ho-og.

AUNT M. Couldn't you let Dorothy stay with us, and help the girls with the cooking?

LUR. (*coming forward, eagerly*). I'd kinder like to stay.

MRS. P. I dunno but what I could spare Lureller Ann.

LUR. Do let me stay.

CLO. Certainly, if you wish.

MRS. P. You'll hev to fly round lively if you stay, Lureller Ann. (*To CLO.*) What's thet tree, now?

CLO. A white pine.

MRS. P. And thet speckled one?

CLO. Why, a birch.

MRS. P. Ain't any holler willers round here, is there?

CLO. Oh, yes, that old hollow willow down by the lake —

MRS. P. Holler?

CLO. Yes. Mr. Fortescue used to use it last year for a post-office.

MRS. P. Mr. Fortescue?

CLO. Yes, Kate's husband.

MRS. P. Kate's husband — h'm — post-office — h'm — willers and pines and birches. Lor'! if that ain't just like city folks. I call 'em all trees. Wal, I s'pose if me and Lureller Ann 'd go to the city, we'd look just as queer and orkerd gawkin' round at the shops and meetin'-houses. (*To AUNT M.*) Don't object to hermits, do you?

AUNT M. Hermits?

MRS. P. They's ben a hermit livin' round here fer a fortnight.

CLO. A hermit?

MRS. P. Lives in an old maple-sugar shanty, 'bout half a mile off.

AUNT M. I've always wanted to make the acquaintance of a hermit.



MRS. P. He's mighty shy.

(*Enter* ETHEL and KATE, R., *with dishes*.)

ETHEL. What's all this talk about hermits?

CLO. There's a hermit in the neighborhood!

ETHEL. Oh, what fun! (*Enter* NAN, R.) Nan, only think — we've a live hermit on the premises!

NAN. (*running to camera*). Where? I'll get him to sit for me!

ETHEL. You'd better get the table "sot" first.

(*KATE sets table*.)

MRS. P. (*to* NAN). What do you ask for takin' a buddy's pictur'?

NAN. A little patience.

ETHEL. Why, Mrs. Pippin, I'd give Nan five dollars any day *not* to take mine.

MRS. P. Earns your livin' by takin' pictur's?

NAN. No — I let my father earn my living.

ETHEL. Don't you believe her, Mrs. Pippin. Nan earns her living in the most piratical way.

MRS. P. I want ter know!

ETHEL. No sooner does she meet with a likely subject — like me, for instance — than she aims her camera and cries, "Money or your photo!" And we're glad to buy her off at any price.

MRS. P. (*looking* ETHEL *over*). I guess words was cheap where you was raised.

NAN (*running to camera*). Ethel sat upon! Let me seize her in this abject attitude!

ETHEL (*unabashed*). Cheaper than your eggs, Mrs. Pippin. Fifteen cents is the market price.

NAN (*groaning*). Lost my chance! She's risen to the occasion, like a trout to the fly.

MRS. P. Ef I'd my good clothes on, I wouldn't mind bein' tuk myself.

NAN. Oh, you're just right as you are, Mrs. Pippin. (*Adjusts camera*.)

MRS. P. Not in this sun-bunnet.

NAN. Tip your bonnet back. Yes, so — (*MRS. P. stands straight as a ramrod, with rigid expression*.) Can't you smile a little? Yes, that's better. Now, your head a trifle to one side. Fix your eyes on Bear Mountain.

MRS. P. Which of 'em is Bear Mounting?

ETHEL (*pointing*). Over there.

MRS. P. Oh, that one that's sot up kinder peaked?  
(*Stares with fixed smile.*)

NAN. Don't stand so stiffly. One foot out a little, and one hand carelessly resting on your hip. (MRS. P. *strikes an ungainly attitude.*) No, more natural! the other foot! No — not that way! Oh, Ethel, can't you pose her?

ETHEL (*adjusting* MRS. P.). I think about \$3.75 would buy Nan off. There —

MRS. P. Pokes me round as ef I was a jointed doll baby. Dorothy! Dorothy!

DOR. (*running in, R.*). Yes'm.

MRS. P. I want you should take notice how I do it, so's you'll know when it's your turn.

DOR. Hurt much?

AUNT M. Oh, there's that dreadful bear man coming towards us!

ETHEL. I'll head him off! (*Exeunt* ETHEL and DOROTHY, L.)

ANITA (*rising*). I must go.

CLO. Your poor foot! You are not fit to walk to the city. (*Enter* ETHEL, L.)

ETHEL. He wants his daughter. (*To* CLOVER.) How do I play the clown?

CLO. Splendidly.

ANITA. I come. Farewell — you all so kind and good. (*Limps.*)

AUNT M. The child isn't fit to go. Stay here, dear. You say your father expects to come back the same way in a few days. You shall stay with us till he returns.

MRS. P. I can't grin another minute! (*Relaxes attitude.* *Exit* CLOVER, L.)

NAN. All right.

MRS. P. (*drawing* AUNT M. *front*). You surely ain't goin' to let a thievin' gypsy tramp stay here along with your gals!

AUNT M. She's a mere child.

MRS. P. There was a gypsy lady round here last spring, no bigger'n her, that would steal the very eggs from under the hens, and the hens never a suspicion what was goin' on under 'em.

(*Enter* CLOVER, L.)

CLO. It's all right, Anita. You are to stay.

ANITA. Thanks — a thousand thanks! (*Kisses* CLO.'s *hand.*) I go say farwell to my farzer. (*Exit*, L.)

MRS. P. Kissed her hand! What heathen doin's! I don't b'lieve she's ever ben to prayer meetin' in her hull life. Now, Lureller Ann was raised on prayer meetin's.

ETHEL (*looking off stage, L.*). She's kissing the bear, too.

MRS. P. There'll no good come of it — mark my words! (*Enter ANITA, L.*) Little girl, have you ever ben to prayer meetin'?

ANITA. Prayer meetin'?

CLO. (*putting arm around ANITA*). Church, my dear. You have been to church?

ANITA (*brightening*). Church? Ze mass? Surely. (*Kisses rosary round neck.*)

MRS. P. A-kissin' them beads!

CLO. Anita is a little Italian girl, and a good Catholic.

MRS. P. (*shaking head*). Them Italics will do anything. Lureller Ann, don't you hev anything to do with that Italic gypsy. (*ANITA retires back and helps girls.* MRS. P. *investigates tent.*)

CLO. (*looking at LUR.'s book*). "The Fatal Marriage, or Earl Beauchamp's Curse."

LUR. It's real excitin'.

CLO. (*aside*). I should like to throw all such stuff into the lake.

ETHEL (*beating tin pail*). Dinner! dinner!

CLO. Won't you stay and dine with us, Mrs. Pippin?

MRS. P. Wal, I dunno but what I do feel a kinder peckish.

AUNT M. Sit here. (*Enter DOR., L. Shouting heard at a distance.*)

NAN. That must be Helen and Mary.

(*Enter HELEN and MARY, L., with fish-poles and fish.*)

ETHEL. What beauties!

MARY. We're dying of hunger. (*Aside to NAN.*) Who are all these people?

NAN. Mrs. Pippin, let me introduce our champion athletes.

MRS. P. Pleased to meet you, Miss Athlete.

NAN. Miss Lurella Ann Pippin — Miss Dorothy — Miss Anita, from Italy.

(*LUR. and DOR. nod. ANITA rises and courtesies.*)

ANITA. It makes me pleasure to greet more of ze kind ladies. (*HELEN and MARY sit down.*)

MRS. P. (*aside to AUNT M.*). Such heathen ways! You'd never see Lureller Ann duckin' and kissin' folks' hands.

CLO. Kate, you are not eating a morsel.

KATE. How can I? This is the first meal — away — from — (*Sobs.*)

ETHEL. If you don't eat, you'll lose your red lips.

NAN. And your dimples.

KATE. Oh, do you think so?

ETHEL. And Harry won't care for you any more.

KATE. I will take a little bread and some canned tongue.

ETHEL. A sardine!

NAN. Pickles!

MARY. Crackers!

HEL. Doughnuts!

KATE. Thanks! thanks! (*They heap plate.*)

ETHEL. Come, Aunt Matilda, you are not just married.

CLO. Yes — haven't you any appetite, either?

NAN. Having scrambled the eggs myself, I take your abstinence as personal.

AUNT M. (*sighing, fork in hand*). No, dear, the eggs are very nice — it isn't that — but I can't help thinking of that poor hermit.

ETHEL and NAN. The hermit?

(*A low whistle heard without.*)

ETHEL, NAN, and KATE. Why! What's that?

LUR. (*hastily*). That's only a bird.

HEL. (*rising*). A bird! What species, Lurella?

LUR. Oh, I wouldn't try to follow it. It's a shy kind of bird.

ETHEL. A thrush?

LUR. I guess they calls 'em thrushes.

HEL. A hermit thrush?

LUR. I shouldn't wonder. (*HELEN sits down again.*)

MRS. P. The deacon'd tell you quick as winkin'.

ETHEL (*to NAN*). Nan, I wish you'd take your foot out of my plate.

NAN. Chuck me a doughnut, some one.

MRS. P. (*to AUNT M.*). They ain't backward in eatin'. Makes me think of a church conference. Them pious always eats powerful.

DOR. You'd oughter do what mother does.

AUNT M. What's that?

DOR. Why, when she takes summer boarders, she gives

'em a slice of pie all round before meals. She says there ain't nothin' like pie for takin' off the edge of a buddy's appetite.

MRS. P. (*severely*). Dorothy, I want you should go right hum and go to churnin'.

DOR. (*aggrieved*). I was hevin' such a good time! (*Whistle again.*)

HEL. (*jumping up*). I must find that hermit thrush.

LUR. (*jumping up*). It's awful shy!

HEL. It's this way. (*Goes to R.*)

LUR. No, this. (*Goes to L.*)

HEL. I'm sure it's this way!

LUR. No, this! (*Pulls HELEN left. Exeunt.*)

MRS. P. I never saw Lureller Ann so struck with a bird before.

ETHEL. Come, let's finish up with one of our old camp songs. Let your churning wait a few minutes, Dorothy.  
(*Chorus: air, "Comrades, Fill the Flowing Bowl."*)

### CAMPING CHORUS.

Gather we at fall of night,  
Round the flaming fire;  
Moon-eyed owlets, in affright,  
Flee the blazing pyre.  
Laughs the loon along the lake,  
Pipes the frog from out the brake,  
Coils the red flames' forked snake,  
Higher, ever higher.

Forest, grant us of thy best  
For our hungry fire.  
Pine tree, stoop thy towering crest,  
This thy funeral pyre.  
Sulks the frightened owl apart,  
Glow the back-log's generous heart,  
To the stars the bright sparks dart,  
Higher, ever higher.

(*Enter HELEN and LUR., L.*)

HEL. We couldn't find the hermit thrush.

NAN. No, naturally not, with Ethel screaming "Higher, ever higher," at the top of her lungs.



ETHEL. Yes, dear, he mistook my voice for a nightingale's, and drowned himself for sheer envy.

MRS. P. (*rising*). Wal, we must be goin'.

AUNT M. I'll walk along a little piece.

(*Exeunt, R., MRS. P., DOR., and AUNT M., and HELEN, NAN, and KATE clear table.*)

NAN. Can you tell fortunes. Anita?

ANITA. Surely. (*Picks leaves, and begins to weave wreath.*)

ETHEL. How do you tell them?

ANITA. By cards — by ze hands —

LUR. Cards are awful wicked. I wouldn't let nobody tell my fortune by cards.

ANITA. I know many ozer ways.

LUR. I'd kinder like to hev my fortune told.

ANITA (*turning to CLO.*). Ze wreath is for you. (*Puts it on CLO.*) Your fortune I read not in cards, or ze lines of your hands. I ask ze flowers and ze stars. (*Leads CLO. to centre of stage, and makes her kneel. Waves the others aside, takes tambourine, strikes it, holds it aloft, and circles slowly around CLO. Then flits about stage, stooping now and then as if to pluck a flower. Comes to standstill behind CLO. Puts down tambourine, and holds up flowers.*) Behold a daisy, a violet, and a blossom of red clover! (*Sings or recites following verses. Air, "A Millwheel ceaseless turneth."*)

No seer is the daisy — (*Throws daisy aside.*)

For all her golden eyes;

The violet's too hazy (*Throws violet aside.*)

With dew to read the skies.

But I have asked the clover, (*Holds up clover.*)

With mystic symbol three;

She asks that belted rover,

The wandering wild-bee.

The wild-bee asks the swallow,

That flies so swift and far,

No mortal eye can follow;

The swallow asks a star.

(ANITA bends head to clover, as if listening. Places clover in tambourine, and holds it aloft, circling with measured tread about CLO. Pauses behind her.)



ANITA. Ze clover, she asks ze bee ; ze bee, he ask ze swallow ; ze swallow, he ask ze star, and each brings back ze answer — love. Love is yours, oh, signorina. Love of rich and poor, of young and old ; of ze happy, and of ze sad and forsaken. (*Drops on one knee, and kisses CLO.'s hand.* CLO. *puts flower in belt.*)

ETHEL and NAN. Oh, how pretty, Anita !

KATE. And it's all true. Every one loves Clover.

MARY. Yes, every one ! (*They cluster round CLO., and kiss her.*)

ETHEL (*aside to CLO.*). Trust the little prophet, Clover.

LUR. (*taking wreath from CLO.'s head, and placing it on her own.*). Now, tell my fortune !

ANITA (*snatching wreath*). Zat wrease is not for you.

LUR. Mother told me not to hev anything to do with you.

CLO. Why, Anita !

ANITA. Your wrease ! She to put it on — your wrease !

CLO. She wants you to tell her her fortune.

ANITA. Ze leaves and ze flowers and ze stars zey know nozing of her.

CLO. (*drawing ANITA aside*). You have hurt Lurella's feelings.

ANITA. You love her ?

CLO. I am sorry for her, and she is always so sweet and gentle.

ANITA. If you love her — if you wish it. (*Goes to LUR.*) Give me your hand.

LUR. You needn't hev ben so cross.

ANITA (*studying LUR.'s hand*). Here runs your life — quiet like a meadow brook — few lines cross it — here is one zat meets — ah — what ! *Zat line — zat line in your hand !* (*Looks at her own hand.*) See ! ze same as mine ! Look ! No, you not understand. But zat line ! Zare is danger in zat line ! (*Girls cluster round.*)

LUR. You haven't told me when I am to be married.

ANITA. Zis danger — it is a great danger — I know not what, but if it pass, your life goes on quiet and smooth to ze end.

LUR. Heroines in novels never hev quiet lives.

CLO. You foolish girls, to get so excited. You know it's nothing but nonsense, any way.

NAN. Who taught you to tell fortunes, Anita ?

ANITA. A zingara ; what you call gypsy.

ETHEL. But you are not a gypsy ?

ANITA. No, but when I tell ze people zere fortunes, I say zat.

LUR. (*severely*). Then, that's a lie !

ANITA (*angrily*). And you — you never tell a lie ?

LUR. (*drawing herself up*). I tell a lie ? My father is a deacon, in good reg'lar standing !

CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

SCENE. — *The same.* CLO. *sketching down*, L. ANITA, C., *posing, leaning against hut, tambourine negligently in hand.* KATE *up* L., *reading aloud* to LUR. ; MARY and HEL. *down* R., *playing jack-stones.* NAN *at camera, up* R.

KATE (*reading*). "And so the bold robber baron swung the lovely peasant maiden on his coal-black steed, and bore her to his palatial castle, and, as the wide portals swung open, a hundred retainers cried, 'Long live the beautiful Baroness of Eagle Crag.'" (*Yawns ; throws down novel.*) There's your book, Lurella.

LUR. It's real excitin', ain't it ? I kinder like that robber baron, for all he was so wicked.

NAN. Come, let's get some pails, and go berrying.

MARY. All right. (*Exeunt* NAN, HEL., MARY, and LUR., L. *Enter* ETHEL, R. *Goes to* CLO., *and talks in low voice.*)

CLO. (*aside to* ETHEL). Nothing at the post-office ?

ETHEL. Not a line.

CLO. We surely must hear something soon.

ETHEL. Clover, if we don't, I will run up to town.

CLO. No, Ethel ; for Kate's sake, we must stay quietly here.

ETHEL. Poor little Kate ! (*KATE comes forward.*)

KATE. What are you two whispering about ?

ETHEL (*kissing* KATE, *and putting arm about her*).

"And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst,  
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom."

KATE. Why, there are tears in your eyes, Ethel!

ETHEL. No, really? Like dewdrops on a violet —

KATE. What troubles you, dear?

ETHEL. Promise never to breathe it.

KATE. Never. (*They go R.*)

ETHEL (*whispering*). I just stole a pickled gherkin, and didn't it draw my mouth up!

KATE. Oh, Ethel, I hoped this time you were in earnest. Harry says men like sensibility in women. But oh, Ethel, isn't it too bad?

ETHEL. What?

KATE. Why, the old hollow willow, you know, where Harry and I used to hide our notes to each other last year —

ETHEL. The old love-letter post-office?

KATE. Yes. Well, Harry told me to be sure not to poke my hand down the hole this year.

ETHEL. What a deprivation!

KATE. Yes, isn't it! Because you know there might be an old letter hidden there.

ETHEL. And why does Harry object?

KATE. On account of owls!

ETHEL. Owls!

KATE. Yes; he said it was just a place where owls might hide, and he was afraid they might nip my fingers.

ETHEL. Thoughtful boy!

CLO. I am sure you are tired now, Anita.

ANITA. Signorina, I could stand till ze sun go down behind zat hill. (*Enter, L., NAN, HEL., MARY, and LUR., with pails.*)

NAN. We are going berrying. Come on, girls.

CLO. (*aside to ETHEL*). One of us had better stay, in case of news.

ETHEL. Very well. (*Exeunt, R., all but CLO. and ANITA.*)

CLO. There, dear, that will do.

ANITA (*coming forward and looking at sketch*). Ah, signorina, zat is more beautiful zan I.

CLO. It doesn't in the least do you justice. You are not over-tired?

ANITA. When I can do anysing for you, I know not what "tired" means.

CLO. Anita, how would you like to give up this wandering life of yours, and go to school?

ANITA. To school! Leave my farzer and ze bear! Leave ze free air and ze sunshine, and sit in a dark, dark room, away from everybody I loves!

CLO. You would see me often —

ANITA. Ah, zen —

CLO. You love me a little?

ANITA (*kissing CLO.'s hand*). More zan any one in ze world, except my farzer.

CLO. I cannot bear to think that in a day or two you are to go back to your old hard life.

ANITA. Hard? My life hard? Yes, I grow weary at times. Ze way is long, and ze snow and ice of your winters, zay freeze my blood. But zen it is not always winter.

CLO. No.

ANITA. And ze air of summer is so sweet. My farzer and I, we leave ze crowded city in ze early morning — so cool, so fresh. I sing for joy — I laugh, I dance. We eat our bread under ze shade of a tree. We give ze bear to eat. He so pleased! he grunt — m — m — (*Imitates bear.*) We laugh, we sing!

CLO. And you would find it hard to give up all this?

ANITA. Ah, yes. Even — even — to live near you. Listen! I know a song tha says what I have not ze words to say. A man who was good to me, he teach it to me. He say, "Little wild-flower, here is a song to match your eyes." He call it "The Transplanted Violet." (*ANITA takes tam-bourine and strikes it.*)

CLO. (*agitated*). "The Transplanted Violet"!

ANITA. Yes. He say he learn it from a beautiful young lady — but I know she could not be more beautiful zan you, signorina.

(*ANITA sings to air, "Canadian Boat-Song."*)

### THE TRANSPLANTED VIOLET.

The dews of morn and eve I miss,  
 Yet dewy fresh is my mistress' kiss;  
 The drops from out her gentle eyes  
 Cool not like those from wild-wood skies.  
 (*Refrain.*) Sweet are her lips, yet sweeter still  
 Blossoms the wild rose on the hill.

A flower is so frail a thing  
 It shrinks from mortal suffering;

Oh, bear me, lest I pine and die,  
Back to the sunshine and the sky.  
(*Refrain.*) Fair are thy lips, yet fairer still  
Blossoms the wild rose on the hill.

CLO. (*agitated*). Anita, what was the name of the gentleman that taught you the song?

ANITA. Oh, so long a name! I forget. I calls him ze kind gentleman.

CLO. What — what is his profession?

ANITA. Profession?

CLO. How does he earn his living?

ANITA. Ah, he is — what you call — advocat —

CLO. A lawyer?

ANITA. Surely, a lawyer. I know him zree, four years. Once my farzer lose money by a man who travel wiz us, and zis kind man — zis Mr. —

CLO. Hamilton?

ANITA (*surprised*). Hamilton! Zat is ze name. You know him, signorina?

CLO. I knew a Mr. Hamilton once — a lawyer.

ANITA. Ah, signorina — he is so good and noble, is he not? I loves him. My farzer love him. You love him, too?

CLO. Go on, dear!

ANITA. Ze bad man who travel wiz us steal money, and my farzer go to Mr. Hamilton, and he go to ze court and get back ze money, and ask my farzer nuzzing at all — oh, yes, he is a good man.

CLO. That was just like him, Anita.

ANITA. If you know him, signorina, perhaps you tell me why he is often so sad.

CLO. Is he sad?

ANITA. And when he was ill —

CLO. Ill? When? — where? Oh, Anita!

ANITA. Zat is all past. He is well now, but when he was ill, I go to him and sing. He like to hear me sing. My farzer want to do somezing for him, and zat was all we could give.

CLO. Was he very ill?

ANITA. He was very ill, yes. But when he grow better, he talk wiz me, and he teach me zat song. Only last week he say —

CLO. You saw him only last week? What did he say?

How did he look? You — you — heard his voice — took his hand, and — (*Turns away.*)

ANITA. I zay to him, "May ze saints give you all ze blessings of zis world," and he say —

CLO. Go on, dear!

ANITA. He say, "Ze blessing I most desire, Anita, zey not give."

CLO. The blessing he most desires?

ANITA. And I say — very bold — "Is ze blessing some beautiful lady?"

CLO. You said that?

ANITA. And he say, "Yes, Anita — ze beautiful lady who used to sing zat song I teach you."

CLO. (*deeply moved*). You are sure he said that — (*Aside.*) He has not forgotten me!

ANITA. Signorina, ze beautiful lady must have a hard heart not to love so kind and noble a gentleman.

CLO. Not a hard heart, dear. Heaven knows — not a hard heart. (*Takes clover from dress.*) Shall you — do you expect ever — to see — him again, dear child?

ANITA. Surely.

(*CLO. hands sprig.*)

ANITA. Zis is for him?

CLO. Should you ever see him again, dear, you might — you might —

ANITA. And I say?

CLO. You may say — you may say —

ANITA. Zat ze beautiful signorina who used to sing ze song —

CLO. No — say nothing, dear. Here, give me back the flower.

ANITA. No, no — zat leetle flower goes not back where it lay on your heart.

CLO. Tell me again what he said about the song — whisper it. (*ANITA whispers in CLO.'s ear. CLO. throws arm around ANITA and kisses her.*)

CLO. So he called you little wild-flower! You sang to him, you cheered him when he was ill, while I — And he is well now? Quite well again?

ANITA. Except ze wound zat will not heal.

CLO. I think I should like to be alone a little while. I want to think. I may take back that clover, Anita. (*Turns to go. Comes back.*) You have the clover safe, Anita?



ANITA. Very safe.

CLO. I shall take it back — you may keep it a little while. (*Turns and comes back.*) I shall come back soon for the clover, dear. You have it — safe?

ANITA. Very safe.

(*Exit CLO., L.*)

ANITA. Ze beautiful signorina of ze song and my beautiful signorina are one and ze same! Ah! to send him ze precious little messenger before she have time to take it back! Alas, so far — my foot!

(*Enter DOR., R., with basket of eggs.*)

DOR. Where shall I put these, Anita?

ANITA (*not perceiving her*). Could I walk so far?

DOR. Anita — say — I'm in a hurry. I'm goin' to the city with father, with a load of garden sass.

ANITA. To ze city? You go? Listen, you write, Dorothy?

DOR. Write? Of course, I can write.

ANITA. I not write. Here — wait (*Goes to birch-tree, and tears off birch bark.*) Now, a pencil — ah, here! (*Takes pencil from CLO.'s sketching-box.*) Write for me a little note, dear Dorothy?

DOR. You can't write!

ANITA. No. Now write what I say. Let me zink. Ah, yes, "Would you see —"

DOR. (*writes*). See —

ANITA. "Ze lady zat send you ze clover —"

DOR. (*writes*). Clover —

ANITA. "Come to ze norz end of Eagle Lake to-morrow."

DOR. (*writes*). To-morrow. What a funny letter, Anita.

ANITA. Sign it, "Anita."

DOR. (*writing*). An-e-e-t-e-r — Anita. That don't look right, somehow.

ANITA (*taking note*). Now for ze clover. (*Puts in clover, and folds birch-bark.*) Now, ze address — "Mr. Hamilton —"

DOR. (*writes*). Hamilton —

ANITA. "462 Dorchester St., City."

DOR. (*writing*). Dorchester St. Who's Mr. Hamilton, Anita?

ANITA. Here is money — two — zree cents. You buys

an envelope and a stamp, and you puts it in a letter-box. Yes? — dear Dorothy? (*Kisses her.*)

DOR. Father, he used to kiss me when I was little — I dunno but I kinder like it.

ANITA. And you forget not ze letter?

DOR. No. Guess I won't forget it. (*Exit, R.*)

ANITA. My beautiful signorina and ze kind, good gentleman! I loves zem boze and zay loves each ozer. He will come. (*Exit, L.*)

(*Enter AUNT M. and MRS. P., R.*)

MRS. P. I told you no good would come of it.

AUNT M. I wouldn't have believed it!

MRS. P. Them Italics will steal anythin'!

AUNT M. It will break Clover's heart.

MRS. P. It will larn her not to take so much stock in hand-kissin' and duckin'.

AUNT M. Anita certainly has sweet ways.

MRS. P. I never could abide her.

(*Enter, R., ETHEL, KATE, LUR., MARY, and HELEN.*)

ETHEL. It looks so like a thunder-storm, we gave up going berrying.

AUNT M. (*mysteriously*). Girls, come here.

(*Girls cluster about AUNT M.*)

MRS. P. I alwus told you so!

AUNT M. Somebody, some wicked person has been stealing our provisions.

ETHEL. A reprobate chipmonk, probably.

AUNT M. Ethel, it's no joking matter. The can of tongue is gone, and the jar of pickled pears!

MARY. Pickled pears gone! No, that's certainly not a joke.

AUNT M. And a whole loaf of bread is gone, and a dozen eggs!

MRS. P. Didn't I say so?

ETHEL. The chipmonk heard eggs were rising, and thought he'd lay in his winter supply. (*MRS. P. eyes ETHEL grimly, but says nothing.*)

MARY. Our last loaf of bread!

MRS. P. Oh, I'll let you hev bread.

ETHEL. I hope it's nice *heavy* bread, Mrs. Pippin — too heavy for a chipmonk to carry off.

MRS. P. You'll find it heavier than some folks' brains.

ETHEL. Thanks. Yes, I believe I have rather a light and delicate vein of humor.

AUNT M. And, worst of all, the little flask of brandy is gone, that Harry made me bring in case Kate got drowned.

ETHEL. Kate, we can't permit you to get drowned now, for we have no means of bringing you to.

HEL. How inebriated that chipmonk will be!

ETHEL. And I am sure he was a strict teetotaler before Aunt Matilda threw temptation in his way.

AUNT M. Will you never be serious? Where's poor Clover?

ETHEL. Why *poor* Clover? I hope Clover's not in league with that immoral chipmonk!

MRS. P. No — 'tain't Clover.

ETHEL. Oh, I am glad Clover hasn't been stealing brandy!

MRS. P. But it's that little gypsy tramp!

ETHEL. }  
KATE. } Anita!  
MARY. }  
HEL. }

ETHEL. I don't believe it!

KATE. Impossible!

MARY. After all Clover has done for her!

HEL. Poor Clover, indeed!

MRS. P. Didn't I tell you?

ETHEL. But what does she do with the things?

MRS. P. She buries 'em. And when her father comes back, they'll make off with 'em. (*Enter NAN, R., with photograph proof.*)

NAN. Oh, girls — the queerest thing has happened!

MARY. It's raining queer things.

ETHEL. I defy you to produce anything queerer than your last caricature of me.

NAN. I've been developing a photograph I took this morning, and I find that, while it was being taken, two people walked into the focus!

MRS. P. Lor'! I hope it didn't hurt 'em!

NAN. A man and a girl! Just look! The girl is indistinct. She's got a shawl over her head, — only their heads are visible, on account of the shrubs.

ETHEL. The man's face is clear enough.

HEL. What a handsome fellow!

KATE. Not half as handsome as Harry!

ETHEL. Oh, we all know there's only one Harry! But what big, bold, bad, black eyes he has!

NAN. Who do you suppose they are?

HEL. That shawl over her head's just like Anita's!

ETHEL. You horribly observing child! So it is!

KATE. It really is!

MRS. P. Of course, it's Anita! Didn't I say so? That man's her 'complice. She gives him the tongue and brandy. That's why he's grinning at her so. Lureller Ann, you've sharp eyes. That's Anita clear enough, ain't it?

LUR. (*confused*). It does — look like — her — her shawl.

ETHEL. I declare, I could cry. I'm so disappointed in that child. (*Whistle heard without. LUR. starts.*)

NAN. That strange bird again! Poor Clover! Here she comes now. (*Enter CLO. and ANITA, L., hand in hand, down L.*)

AUNT M. (*to L. C.; severely*). Clover, let go that girl's hand!

MRS. P. (*R., to ANITA*). The canned tongue you stole —

AUNT M. And the eggs —

MRS. P. Them pickled pears —

AUNT M. And the brandy!

CLO. (*L., putting arm about ANITA*). What do you mean by accusing Anita of such things?

MRS. P. And to kerry 'em to that feller —

CLO. What do you mean? (*AUNT M. whispers in CLO.'s ear.*)

MRS. P. (*showing photograph*). Did you ever see that feller before? (*ANITA to R. C.*)

ANITA (*starting back*). Pietro!

MRS. P. I mistrusted that 'ud fetch her.

ANITA (*in great excitement*). Ze picture — quick — show me once more!

MRS. P. I don't trust you with it. (*Holds it while ANITA looks.*)

CLO. (*taking ANITA'S hand*). Do you know this man?

ANITA. Alas!

CLO. Answer me truly, Anita.

ANITA. What shall I say?

CLO. The truth. Tell me — what is the mystery about this man? You know him?

ANITA (*struggling with herself*). Yes.

MRS. P. She can't deny it.

CLO. What is the mystery, dear?

ANITA. Alas! You so good, you not understand.

CLO. Tell me everything, Anita.

ANITA. I cannot—I dare not! (*Peal of thunder. It begins to grow dark.*)

ETHEL. The storm is most here!

AUNT M. We'd better go to the farmhouse.

KATE. Yes, hurry!

AUN. M. Come, Clover, I want your arm.

MARY. What a crash!

CLO. (*to ANITA*). Tell me everything, Anita. I implore you!

ANITA. Alas! I cannot—I cannot!

AUNT M. Hurry, Clover!

CLO. Anita, come! (*Exeunt all but ANITA and LUR., R.*)

ANITA (*clutching LUR. by wrist*). Now, tell me all you know!

LUR. Don't be so fierce—you frighten me!

ANITA. It was you—you in my shawl zat is here in ze picture!

LUR. You won't tell on me—oh, Anita!

ANITA. And if I should tell—would zey believe me against you?—ze tramp against ze daughter of pious people?

LUR. How come you to know Pietro?

ANITA. How come *you* to know Pietro?

LUR. He's in trouble—I don't know what. He's been hiding in the woods these two weeks. He pretends he's a hermit. I carry him food. He's the son of an Italian nobleman.

ANITA. An Italian nobleman! His farzer is a beggar in ze streets of Rome!

LUR. You don't know anything about it.

ANITA. Say! He promise to marry you?

LUR. Yes—

ANITA. He want to marry me once.

LUR. I don't believe it!

ANITA. You wish to know why he hide here? You promise never tell what I tell you?

LUR. He's hiding here to be near me.

ANITA. Why comes he not forward and ask your farzer for you as should an honest man?

LUR. He's poor. He's waiting for money. His father's

an Italian duke, but he's a bad man, and Pietro won't live with him.

ANITA. It must be a bad man Pietro cannot live wiz. Pietro in trouble — Pietro hiding! Tell me, speaks ze newspapers of a robbery of a bank in ze city?

LUR. Mother was readin' this morning about the big robbery of the National Bank. Five hundred dollars reward for discovering the thief. But what has that to do with Pietro?

ANITA. Pietro was ze man.

LUR. That's a lie! You are making it up!

ANITA. Two weeks already he hide here? Ah, yes, he hide here before, to be near ze city and find a safe place. Ah, Pietro — Pietro — once you was so kind and good!

LUR. You're making it all up! You're jealous because he loves me. You love him yourself!

ANITA. Love him! I hate him as I hate a snake under my foots!

LUR. If you hate him, then, why don't you tell on him and get the reward?

ANITA (*thrusting LUR. off*). You say zat to me? Me? Tell of Pietro? Give him to ze police?

LUR. You said you hated him.

ANITA. Deliver up one of us? For zree year he travel wiz my farzer and me, and many ze time he carry me in his arms. I was a child zen. He was kind. Who is not kind to a child? He has shared wiz me his last crust.

LUR. (*weeping*). I knew he was generous and noble.

ANITA. But when I grew up he want to marry me. I would not. Oh, he say sweet sings wiz zose black eyes. He say zem to you?

LUR. He says he loves me.

ANITA. A monts ago he swear he love me. He need to eat and to drink. Zat is why he say he love you. You bring him food.

LUR. I hate you.

ANITA. He make you promise tell no one where he hide. Ah, yes — yes.

LUR. I won't stay and listen to you another minute.

ANITA. Until I see ze picture I know not where Pietro was. Two weeks ago he say to my farzer, "Come, zare is gold to have from zat bank, if one has but courage." But my farzer say, "No, I am honest man." Now comes ze news of ze robbery of ze bank. Zat was Pietro.



LUR. It's all a lie!

ANITA. You believe me not? I swear it is true. Trust my warning. Give up zis man!

LUR. Never!

ANITA. For ze sake of ze sweet signorina who is so good to us all.

LUR. Never!

ANITA. For ze sake of your mozer — of your farzer; for ze sake of your soul!

LUR. Never — never! I love him, and he loves me. (*Tears hand away from ANITA, and rushes off stage.*)

ANITA. Poor girl — poor girl! I love her not, but who could help pity one who hopes for happiness wiz Pietro? What to do! Could I but tell my dear signorina? No — no. I dare not, even to say it was not I carry off ze food. Should zey discover it was Lurella, zey go find him. Zey deliver him to ze police; he pine and die in ze dark prison, away from ze sun and ze sky, and once he was so good to us — my farzer and me. As a child, I loved him. Oh, signorina, it make my heart to ache zat you sink me wicked! What to do! (*Pauses; thunder.*) Zere is but one way. I go to Pietro. I say, You leave zis poor girl in peace, or I go tell ze police where you hide. I sreaten him — zen he leave ze place. (*Turns to go, returns, stretches out arms.*) Ah, so happy was I here, and to leave disgraced! (*Takes wreath of leaves that CLO. had worn from branch where it hangs, folds, and places it in bosom.*) Zat I take in remembrance of her who was to me an angel of goodness. (*Moves a little way. Thunders. ANITA shudders.*) So dark — ze zunder — ze storm — Pietro! I tremble! But why fear? Nozing will harm me. Courage, Anita, courage! (*Exit.*)

CURTAIN.

## ACT III.

SCENE. — *The same. Moonlight.* ETHEL, NAN, KATE, MARY, and HELEN *grouped about, singing.* Air, "*Forsaken, forsaken.*"

Oh, spirit of silence,  
 Oh, hush of the night ;  
 Dim, shadowy forest,  
 Orbed moon on thy height ;  
 Oh, swift, scudding cloud-wraith,  
 Oh, mists of the lake,  
 Your mysteries tell us,  
 Your silences break !

A voice from the forest,  
 Mysterious, dread ;  
 The branches are swaying  
 And whispering o'erhead ;  
 I listen — I shudder —  
 I flee from their shade ;  
 Oh, keep thou thy secrets,  
 Thou dim woodland glade !

ETHEL. What a lugubrious strain ! It quite gives one the blues !

KATE. How Harry's tenor used to come out on "A voice from the forest, mysterious, dread !"

NAN. Don't say "used" in such a heart-rending way, Kate. Harry will be singing it with us to-morrow evening.

ETHEL (*aside*). Poor Harry !

KATE. Who said, "Poor Harry" ? I certainly heard some one sigh and say, "Poor Harry" !

ETHEL. Only a "voice from the forest, mysterious, dread !" There, those dishes aren't washed up yet. Ho, for some hot water. (*Aside.*) It's safer to beat a retreat. (*Exit, L.*)

KATE. Ethel is certainly not herself. I've noticed it before. Do you suppose —

NAN. No, I don't suppose — if you mean that you think she's in love.

HEL. That's what brides always are supposing.

(Enter ETHEL, L., with frying-pan full of water.)

KATE. Oh, would you mind if I did a little writing? There are so many of you to wash. (*Sits down, L., with pencil and paper.*)

ETHEL (*washing dishes*). Washing dishes in a running brook may be more romantic, but for a steady diet give me a frying-pan full of lukewarm water. (NAN, MARY, and HEL. *wipe dishes.*)

NAN (*wiping dishes*). And Clover's painting-apron, instead of burdock leaves.

ETHEL. Certainly. The advantages of a painting-apron are that it ornaments our china so tastefully with streaks of green and chrome yellow.

NAN. Where's Lurella?

MARY. Gone to prayer meeting.

ETHEL. Lurella's always at prayer meeting when there's any dish-washing going on.

HEL. You haven't half washed that cup.

ETHEL. Never mind, it's clean enough for Nan.

NAN (*calling*). Kate — Kate!

ETHEL. }

NAN. }

MARY. }

HEL. }

Kate!

KATE (*coming up*). Oh, did you speak?

ETHEL. You are ruining your eyes!

NAN. Besides, Harry will never get that letter; he'll be here early to-morrow.

KATE (*coming forward*). Oh, it's not a letter; it's my diary. Harry and I promised each other to write down every single thing that we did, or thought, or —

NAN. Ate.

ETHEL. And then you'll sit down, hand in hand, under the willow and read it to one another.

NAN. How touching!

KATE. Nan, you're so unsympathetic. I don't see how you ever came to be Harry's sister.

ETHEL. Yes, Nan, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, particularly as you know you're dying to go and do likewise.

KATE. Oh, you needn't talk. You are twice as bad as Nan.

ETHEL. The ingratitude of brides! No, Mary, I won't wash that knife again!

KATE. Where's Clover?

MARY. Gone to the Pippins for milk.

HEL. Mrs. Pippin is making her fortune out of us.

KATE. Poor Clover! She's so cut up about Anita.

HEL. I know it.

NAN. And for Anita to vanish so at the last, without so much as "Thank you," after all Clover's kindness.

HEL. She had the grace to be ashamed of her conduct.

ETHEL. Finis! (*Carries off frying-pan, L.*)

NAN. (*making ball of apron*). Who's for a game of ball?

KATE. I can't say I'm in the mood.

HEL. Nor I.

MARY. Anita has spoiled everything.

(*ETHEL enters, L., with frying-pan, which she hangs on a tree.*)

NAN. Ethel, the girls are low-spirited. Can't you cheer them up a bit with one of your enlivening ghost stories?

MARY and HEL. Oh, do!

KATE. I wish Harry were here! He tells such ghost stories.

ETHEL. Do you wish your blood curdled? All right. (*Sits down, R. Girls cluster about.*) Once upon a time there was a ghost.

NAN. What style of ghost?

ETHEL. A most unpleasant ghost. You could see right through him, and he wore a clanking chain attached to his left ankle. He spent last winter in this camp. By the way (*lowers voice*), what's that white thing there?

KATE. Oh, where? What?

ETHEL. Oh, it's only a white birch.— And slept in Kate's corner of our hut.

KATE (*nervously coming from L.*) Oh, don't, Ethel!

ETHEL. Though he usually preferred suspending himself by his chain to a branch of that pine, and swinging upside down in the wintry blasts.

NAN. I'd like to have taken his photograph.

ETHEL. That's precisely why he decided not to spend the summer with us. He heard Nan was coming with her camera, hadn't pocket money enough to buy her off. Ghosts never have any pockets, you know. Stole Deacon Pippin's Sunday coat and best beaver, and settled down in the old log hut, and gave out he was a hermit. He nurses a most undying hate to Nan.

KATE. What's that noise?

MARY. It sounded like a sigh.

HEL. The woods are alive to-night.

KATE. I sha'n't sleep a wink! (*Enter CLO. and MRS. P., R.*)

MRS. P. Where's Lureller Ann?

ETHEL. Gone to prayer meeting.

MRS. P. Prayer meetin'? I'd forgot there was prayer meetin' to-night.

MARY. Oh, yes — Lurella has been gone some time.

KATE (*putting arm round CLO.*). You mustn't take it to heart, dear.

CLO. If she would only have confided in me.

MRS. P. (*picking up KATE'S hat*). That ain't such an ugly bunnit, now.

KATE. My husband thinks it very becoming.

MRS. P. Some folks sets so much store on bunnits. I've a cousin merried to a lighthouse keeper on an island. She don't see a buddy from one year's end to another, but she will have her spring bunnit reg'lar. Says she couldn't sleep nights if she didn't kinder feel she had one round. But I must be lookin' up Lureller Ann. (*Enter AUNT M. from tent.*)

AUNT M. Come, girls, it's time to go to bed.

MRS. P. I'd just like to know what's become of Lureller Ann. Is the deacon anywheres round?

AUNT M. I've just been talking with him. He's mending the fire. (*Exit MRS. P., R.*)

NAN. Tumble in, girls.

CLO. How late Lurella is!

ETHEL. She'll soon turn up.

KATE. Aunt Matilda, Ethel has been telling the most horrible ghost story! She says a ghost slept all last winter in my corner of the hut.

AUNT M. Ethel is a naughty child.

ETHEL. Is that all the thanks I get for trying to cheer you up?

KATE. If only Harry were here! (*AUNT M. goes into tent. Girls wrap themselves in blankets and lie down in lean-to.*)

ETHEL. Don't walk all over my pillow, Nan.

NAN. Keep your pillow from under my feet, then.

HEL. Oh, I'm lying in a horrid rut.

CLO. Change places with me.

KATE. Or me.

ETHEL. Don't you do it, Helen. Kate's corner is haunted. A rut is ever so much better company than a ghost.

CLO. The next person that mentions the word ghost is to be fined.

MARY. You are taking all the covers.

NAN. I wish you'd be still! I want to go to sleep!

AUNT M. (*poking head out*). Girls, go to sleep!

GIRLS. Yes'm, we're going. (*Silence for a moment.*)

ETHEL (*popping head up*). I'm dying of hunger.

CLO. There's a cracker in my pocket.

ETHEL. I hate crackers out of pockets.

CLO. It's all I have to offer you.

ETHEL. Well, seeing it's your pocket, Clover. If it had been Nan's, now, nothing would have induced me.

NAN (*sleepily*). Give her a *soft* cracker. Crisp ones make such a horrid crunching.

ETHEL. Nan's recalling how Kate and Harry used to steal out at midnight and sit before the fire eating soft crackers, so as not to disturb any one.

CLO. I am sure it was very considerate of them.

NAN. Oh, Ethel! You're trickling cracker crumbs all down my nose!

AUNT M. (*from tent*). Girls, go to sleep!

ETHEL. I'm trying to, Aunt Matilda, but Nan won't let me! Nan — Aunt Matilda says you — ahem! — snore so she can't sleep. (*Silence for a moment.*) Dropping off one by one! Stupid things! I'm not a bit sleepy. Not one — (*yawns*) bit. I think I'll stay awake — (*yawns*) all night. There may be a belated telegram. How the leaves rustle — how queer — (*yawns tremendously*) how queer — the — the — (*Sinks down. Silence. All sleep but KATE.*)

KATE (*rising softly and coming down*). I can't sleep. I wonder what Harry is doing now! Never a letter or a telegram. It seems as if I couldn't wait till to-morrow. If only I might run down to the willow, and see if there isn't by any chance a last year's note stowed away there. But no, he told me not to. He said an owl might be hidden in the hole, and would peck at my hand. Owls *have* sharp beaks. There's one flying past now! How his eyes gleamed in the firelight! Towhit — towahoo — towahoo! Why, if they



are flying abroad, their nest must be empty. Now is just the time to go and see. I'm sure Harry wouldn't mind my going when they are not at home. I wonder if I dare. The woods look so mysterious. I wish Ethel hadn't told that ghost story. I like ghost stories at the time — but afterwards! It isn't far. (*Steals to wing, L.*) How the lake shines in the moonlight! Oh, if I could but find the smallest, tiniest scrap his hand had written. I will go — I will — (*Exit, L., running.*)

(*Enter LUR., R.*)

LUR. And Anita was right, after all. I saw him — I heard him. I couldn't understand what they was saying — but I saw him try to kiss her — and she pushed him off, and I waited and waited, and he didn't come as he promised. And he has such beautiful black eyes, and such soft ways. And he said he was the son of a duke — just like in all the novels I ever read. And he told me he'd take me to Italy, and I should live in a palace, and wear a silk dress every day, and jewels more'n I could count, and ride out with ten white horses, and coachman and footmen. And it's all a lie! (*Cry heard without, then a shot. ANITA rushes in, R. Another shot. ANITA falls to ground, C. LUR. rushes to her.*)

LUR. She is dead!

CLO. (*sitting up*). What is it?

ETHEL and NAN (*sitting up*). Who's calling?

AUNT M. (*appearing at tent*). Who's there?

(*All rise and run forward towards ANITA.*)

LUR. (*wringing hands*). She's dead!

CLO. (*kneeling down, C.*). Blood! — quick! — water!

(*Exit ETHEL, L.*)

LUR. (R. C.). She's dead, and it's all my fault!

CLO. Stand back, girls —

NAN (R. C.). Yes, don't crowd so.

CLO. She wants air. (*Enter ETHEL, L., with water.*) A couple of handkerchiefs — quick!

ANITA. Pietro — Pietro — per l'amore di Dio!

LUR. Oh, what is she saying!

NAN. She hasn't come to yet. She's talking in her own language.

ANITA (*sitting up*). Where is he? — where is he?

CLO. There's no one here to be afraid of, dear.

ANITA. Pietro — ze pistol — he shoot — I run — I fall — where is Lurella?

CLO. Here is Lurella.

LUR. Oh, Anita!

ANITA. You believe now he bad man?

LUR. Oh, Anita — yes — yes!

AUNT M. (C., *examining a wound in ANITA'S arm*).  
Thank goodness, it's only a scratch, any way.

CLO. (*binding arm*). Such a narrow escape!

(*Enter MRS. P., R.*)

MRS. P. (*down R.*). What's all this rumpus?

NAN. Some one's been shooting Anita.

AUNT M. What does it all mean?

MRS. P. They's mischief brewin'. Look here! (*Unfolds paper.*) Where's Kate Fortescue?

ALL. Why, where is Kate?

MRS. P. Don't you let her escape. Hear this! It was in the papers this mornin', only no name was mentioned. (*Reads.*) "Farther developments of the atrocious robbery of the National Bank point at Harry Fortescue as having been in connivance. The papers are supposed to be in the hands of his wife, who left the city just before the discovery of the robbery. Five hundred dollars reward for discovery of the thief."

(*Enter KATE, L., with papers.*)

AUNT M. The bank robbed!

HEL. and MARY (*up R.*). Harry accused!

NAN. Give me that lying sheet!

ETHEL (*to CLO.*). It's all out now!

MRS. P. In the hands of his wife? Where's his wife?  
There she is! (*Runs L. to KATE.*) Give up them papers!  
Your husband stole 'em!

KATE (*hiding papers*). Go away — it isn't true — what are you talking about?

MRS. P. Give up them papers!

CLO. Let the child alone, Mrs. Pippin. Kate, dear, this is only a lying report of the newspapers. Harry will be cleared before another day breaks.

MRS. P. Let her show the papers!

KATE (*to CLO.*). It's nothing — an old letter I found in the old hollow willow.

ETHEL (*to CLO.*). What could Harry have meant by insisting she mustn't go to the willow?

MRS. P. (*snatching papers*). Love letters, is it? (*Showing papers.*) National Bank notes!

KATE (*falling on knee before CLO.*). Send her away! What does it all mean?

MRS. P. "The papers are thought to be in the hands of his wife." H'm! I knew there was mischief brewin' from the first. Didn't he say in his telegram, "Don't poke your hand into the old willer!" That put me on the scent, and I've been pryin' round myself, but I couldn't find the hole.

KATE (*moaning*). Go away! Send that dreadful woman away!

MRS. P. Lureller Ann, get up! I don't want you to hold that thievin' gypsy's hand. She's in the plot, too.

LUR. (*rising*). It's my hand ain't fit to hold hers!

MRS. P. What!

LUR. The man that shot Anita and the man that robbed the bank was the one I promised to marry!

ALL. What!

MRS. P. You promised to marry?

LUR. (*to KATE*). Don't you be weepin' there — your husband's all right —

KATE (*starting up, c.*). Do you think for one instant I suspected Harry!

ANITA. Ah, Lurella, speak! I shield Pietro no longer.

ETHEL. Who was it, Lurella?

LUR. The hermit.

AUNT M. The hermit!

LUR. He ain't no hermit. He's a wicked scoundrel! He's been livin' in the woods. I kerried him food. I stole your tongue and your brandy, not Anita.

ETHEL. Dear little Anita!

LUR. I meant to pay you back in the end. He said his father was an Italian duke. He was going to marry me. I'd be a duchess — and we'd be rich some time.

MRS. P. What'll the deacon say? He's gone to prayer meetin' to fetch yer, Lureller Ann. He thinks you're to prayer' meetin'.

ETHEL. But what has he to do with Anita?

LUR. He used to travel round with Anita and her father and the bear. He made love to Anita, but she wouldn't have him.

CLO. But what made you think he robbed the bank?

LUR. He told Anita he was goin' to.

ANITA. He beg my farzer help him, but my farzer honest man.

CLO. Why did you not confide in me, Anita?

ANITA. He was a friend in ze old days, and it is not so easy to betray a friend, signorina.

CLO. I never doubted you for one instant, Anita.

ETHEL.	}	Forgive us all, Anita.
NAN.		
MARY.		
HEL.		

ANITA. It was not strange you sink me wicked.

CLO. But how came he to shoot you?

ANITA. I sh threaten him. I say, "You leave zis poor girl in peace, or I tell ze police where you hide."

CLO. That was bold, Anita.

ANITA. At first he not believe me—he say sweet sings—he ask me to fly wiz him, and be happy wiz ze money he steal.

LUR. And you?

ANITA. I push him away—he grow angry—I sh threaten him again—he pull out his pistol—I run—he fire—again he fire—I fall—oh, signorina!

MRS. P. And to think of all the prayer meetin's I've sent you to, Lureller Ann!

(LUR. hangs head.)

CLO. (*putting arm about LUR.*). Lurella is not going to read any more of those trashy dime novels that put these foolish ideas into her head.

LUR. (*weeping*). I don't deserve you should be so good to me.

(*Enter DOR., R., running.*)

MRS. P. Why, Dorothy, ain't you to bed yet?

DOR. (C.). A boy from the office just cum tearing along with this. (*Gives telegram to CLO.*)

KATE. Oh, quick, Clover!

CLO. (*reading telegram*). "Have engaged Hamilton as Harry's counsel."

NAN. What Hamilton? That young lawyer you used to know?

CLO. It must be.

KATE. Oh, hurry!

CLO. "Hamilton suspects Italian Pietro Filippo. Harry out on bail. Expect us Thursday evening."

KATE. To-night!

ETHEL. Where can they be!

(ANITA rises and looks off stage, L.)

ANITA. Some one at ze old willow — he stoop — he put his hand in ze hole!

LUR. (*looking*). Pietro!

AUNT M. What's he after?

ETHEL. Why, the money he hid there.

KATE. These papers! Oh, Harry, Harry! That any one should have dared to suspect you!

ANITA. Some one comes along ze pass — two — sree —

LUR. Father's one.

ETHEL. Fred another.

KATE (*rapturously*). There's Harry!

CLO. The fourth is —

ANITA. Mr. Hamilton!

ETHEL. Oh, Clover — Clover!

CLO. Anita — quick! Give back that clover I gave you!

ANITA. Too late.

CLO. Too late!

ANITA. It is ze clover brought Mr. Hamilton.

CLO. What do you mean?

ANITA. A little bird carry it to him.

CLO. Anita!

ANITA. Ah, zey see Pietro — Pietro sees zem not. Sall I call to him? Sall I warn him? Mr. Hamilton, he know Pietro; he suspect him (*Begins calling*.) Pietro!

KATE (*putting hand over ANITA'S mouth*). Be still. Do you wish Harry to suffer, and that wretch to escape?

ANITA. Pardon, I sought zen but of ze old Pietro, who was a friend.

ETHEL. They recognize him! Mr. Hamilton collars him!

(*A shot.*)

NAN. He's firing!

(*Another shot.*)

ETHEL. He's escaped!

NAN. They're after him!

ANITA. Mr. Hamilton aims his pistol.

(*Another shot.*)

LUR. Pietro's frightened; throws up his arms —

ETHEL. He surrenders!

LUR. They've got him!

KATE. Harry's saved!

NAN. Kate, if you hadn't have gone down to the willow just in time, he would have been off with the bonds, and poor Harry —

ETHEL. Poor Harry no longer!

ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah!

CURTAIN.



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## THREE CHARACTERS. — Two Males, One Female.

Box and Cox . . . . .	15	Mary Moo . . . . .	15	Silent Woman . . . . .	15
Unprotected Female . . .	15			Which Shall I Marry? .	15

One Male, Two Females.

Apples . . . . .	15	Two Flats and a Sharp .	15	Which will Have Him? .	15
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## FOUR CHARACTERS. — Two Males, Two Females.

Bouquet . . . . .	15	Census Taker . . . . .	15	Fairy's Father . . . . .	15
Give a Dog, etc. . . . .	15	Mr. Joffin's Latchkey .	15	Madam is Abed . . . . .	15
Match Makers . . . . .	15	None so Deaf as those		Putkins . . . . .	15
Personal Matter . . . . .	25	who Won't Hear . . .	15	Zerubabel's Second Wife	15

Three Males, One Female.

Bombastes Furioso . . .	15	The Tempter . . . . .	15	Sailor's Return . . . . .	15
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## FIVE CHARACTERS. — Three Males, Two Females.

Anonymous Kiss . . . . .	15	Doubtful Victory . . . .	15	Under a Veil . . . . .	15
Cousin Tom . . . . .	15	My Son Diana . . . . .	15	Nature and Philosophy .	15
Done on Both Sides . . .	15	Two Buzzards . . . . .	15	To Oblige Benson . . . .	15
Sylvia's Soldier . . . . .	15	Appearances are De-		Welsh Girl . . . . .	15
Ugly Customer . . . . .	15	ceitful . . . . .	15	The Youth who Never	
Blue and Cherry . . . . .	15	Don't Judge by Ap-		Saw a Woman . . . . .	15
		pearances . . . . .	15		

Two Males, Three Females.

Kiss in the Dark . . . . .	15	My Husband's Secret . .	15	Poor Pillicoddy . . . . .	15
		Phantom Breakfast . . .	15		

Four Males, One Female.

Only a Clod . . . . .	15	Two Heads are Better		Trumpeter's Daughter .	15
		than One . . . . .	15		

## SIX CHARACTERS. — One Male, Five Females.

The Only Young Man in Town 30

Three Males, Three Females.

Aunt Charlotte's Maid .	15	My Sister's Husband . .	15	Sarah's Young Man . . .	15
Always Intended . . . . .	15	Never Say Die . . . . .	15	Two Puddifoots . . . . .	15
		Your Life's in Danger .	15		

Four Males, Two Females.

Dandelion's Dodges . . .	15	John Wopps . . . . .	15	Sunshine through the	
Drop Too Much . . . . .	15	Nursey Chickweed . . .	15	Clouds . . . . .	15
From Information I Re-		Needless Stratagem (A)	15	Soldier, Sailor, Tinker,	
ceived . . . . .	15	Once on a Time . . . . .	15	and Tailor . . . . .	15
I've Written to Brown .	15	Slice of Luck (A) . . . .	15	We're All Teetotallers .	15
		Sullivan, The Slugger .	15		

Five Males, One Female.

Advice to Husbands . . .	15			Diamond Cut Diamond .	15
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Two Males, Four Females.

Eliza Carisbrooke, etc. .	15	How the Colonel Pro-		Jane's Legacy . . . . .	15
		posed . . . . .	15		

*W. new.*

**SEVEN CHARACTERS. — Four Males, Three Females.**

Boston Dip . . . . .	15	Comrades . . . . .	25	Peace and Quiet . . .	15
Bowled Out . . . . .	15	Don's Stratagem . . .	15	Smashington Goit . .	15
Bit of Brummagem . .	15	My Turn Next . . . .	15	Silverston's Wager . .	15
Brother Bill and Me .	15	Mysterious Disappear-		Thirty Minutes for Re-	
Class Day . . . . .	25	ance . . . . .	15	freshments . . . . .	15
		Poison . . . . .	25		

**Three Males, Four Females.**

Cool Collegians (The) . . . . .	25	Pretty Piece of Property . .	15
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**Six Males, One Female.**

Family Failing . . . . .	15	Look After Brown . . .	15	Turkish Bath . . . .	15
				<b>Five Males, Two Females.</b>	
Dora . . . . .	15	John Dobbs . . . . .	15	Slasher and Crasher .	15
Free Ward (The) . . .	15	Old Honesty . . . . .	15	Seeing the Elephant .	15
		Poor Peter . . . . .	15		

**EIGHT CHARACTERS. — Four Males, Four Females.**

Crinoline . . . . .	15	Christmas Box . . . .	15	My Precious Betsy . .	15
		Our Mutual Friend . .	25		

**Six Males, Two Females.**

Blanks and Prizes . . .	15	Fighting by Proxy . . .	15	True Unto Death . . .	15
Daughter of Regiment .	15	Love's Labor Saved . .	15	Uncle Robert . . . .	15

**Five Males, Three Females.**

Bread on the Waters . .	15	Husband to Order . . .	15	Little More Cider . .	15
Flower of the Family .	15	John Smith . . . . .	15	My Brother's Keeper .	15
His Last Legs . . . . .	15	Last Loaf (The) . . . .	15	Nicholas Flam . . . .	15
		Little Brown Jug (The)	15		

**Seven Males, One Female.**

Payable on Demand . . .	15	Sea of Troubles . . . .	15
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**NINE CHARACTERS. — Six Males, Three Females.**

Another Glass . . . . .	15	Dunducketty's Picnic . .	15	Midnight Banquet . .	15
Down by the Sea . . .	15	Hit Him, He has no		On and Off . . . . .	15
		Friends . . . . .	15		

**Five Male, Four Females.**

Better than Gold . . .	25	Queen's Heart (The) . .	15	Race for a Widow . .	15
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**Two Males, Seven Females.**

Thorn among the Roses . 15

**TEN CHARACTERS. — Six Males, Four Females.**

Among the Breakers . .	15	Damon and Pythias . .	15	Lying will Out . . . .	15
Bull in a China Shop .	15	Game of Dominos . . .	15	Mrs. Walthrop's Bach-	
Duchess of Dublin . .	15	Lost in London . . . .	15	elors . . . . .	25

**Seven Males, Three Females.**

Coupon Bonds . . . .	25	Flowing Bowl (The) . .	25	Miller and his Men . .	15
Enlisted for War . . .	15	Home Guard (The) . . .	15	Paddle your Own Canoe	15
Ella Rosenberg . . . .	15			Shaker Lovers . . . .	15

**Five Males, Five Females.**

Both Alike . . . . .	15	Cleft Stick (The) . . .	15	Lords of Creation . .	15
		Old and Young . . . .	15		

**ELEVEN CHARACTERS. — Six Males, Five Females.**

Babie . . . . .	25	The Miller's Wife . . .	15	The "Tomboy" . . . .	15
Giralda . . . . .	15	Our Folks . . . . .	15		

**Eight Males, Three Females.**

Lost Mine (The) . . .	25	"Nevada" . . . . .	25	Our Boys of 1776 . . .	15
		One Hundred Years Ago	15		

**Seven Males, Four Females.**

**Five Males, Six Females.**

Above the Clouds . . . .	15	The Christening . . . .	15
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**Nine Males, Two Females.**

Don Cæsar de Bazan . 15



# TWELVE CHARACTERS.—Nine Males, Three Females.

Ticket of Leave Man . . . . . 15 | Wife's Secret (The) . . . . . 15

Ten Males, Two Females.

Eight Males, Four Females.

Gaspardo, the Gondolier . . . . . 15 | Fool's Revenge (The) . . . . . 15

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Aladdin . . . . .	15	Jeweller's Apprentice . . . . .	15	Scarlet Letter . . . . .	15
Babes in the Woods . . . . .	15	Lady of Lyons . . . . .	15	School for Scandal . . . . .	15
Captain Kyd . . . . .	15	Lady of the Lake . . . . .	15	Stolen Will (The) . . . . .	25
Clari . . . . .	15	Monseigneur . . . . .	15	Golden Butterfly (The) . . . . .	25
Dumb Girl of Portici . . . . .	15	Maid of Milan . . . . .	15	Two Orphans (The) . . . . .	25
East Lynne . . . . .	15	Masaniello . . . . .	15	Virginia Veteran . . . . .	25
Forced to the War . . . . .	25	Naaman, the Syrian . . . . .	25	Wallace . . . . .	15
Hero of Scotland . . . . .	15	Octoroon (The) . . . . .	25	Zelina . . . . .	15
Hunchback (The) . . . . .	15	Poor Gentleman . . . . .	15	Blue and Gray, or Star of Empire . . . . .	30
Hamlet . . . . .	15	Past Redemption . . . . .	25		
Hidden Hand . . . . .	15	The Stranger . . . . .	15		

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Close Shave . . . . .	6	My Uncle the Captain . . . . .	6	Shall Our Mothers Vote . . . . .	11
Freedom of the Press . . . . .	8	New Brooms Sweep Clean . . . . .	6	Two Gentlemen in a Fix . . . . .	2
Gentlemen of the Jury . . . . .	12	Public Benefactor . . . . .	6	Too Late for the Train . . . . .	2
Great Umbrella Case . . . . .	32	Peddler of Vergyne . . . . .	7	Thief of Time (The) . . . . .	6
Great Elixir . . . . .	9	Rival Poets . . . . .	2	Tender Attachment . . . . .	"
Humors of the Strike . . . . .	8	Runaways . . . . .	4	Very Pleasant Evening . . . . .	3
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Champion of Her Sex . . . . .	8	The Grecian Bend . . . . .	7	Rebecca's Triumph . . . . .	15
Dog that will Fetch, &c. . . . .	6	Love of a Bonnet . . . . .	6	Tipsy Pudding . . . . .	8
Eliza's Bonafide Offer . . . . .	4	No Cure, No Pay . . . . .	7	Using the Weed . . . . .	7
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- MADAM IS ABED.** A Vaudeville in 1 Act. 2 male, 2 female char.
- MARY MOO; or, Which Shall I Marry?** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 2 male, 1 female.
- MONSIEUR.** A Drama in 3 Acts. By Thomas Archer. 15 male, 3 female char.
- MY PRECIOUS BETSY.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 4 male, 4 female char.
- MY TURN NEXT.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 4 male, 3 female char.
- NICHOLAS FLAM.** A Comedy in 2 Acts. By J. B. Buckstone. 5 male, 3 female char.
- NONE SO DEAF AS THOSE WHO WON'T HEAR.** A Comedietta in 1 Act. By H. P. Curtis. 2 male, 2 female char.
- NURSEY CHICKWEED.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 4 male, 2 female char.
- OLD HONESTY.** A Comic Drama in 2 Acts. By J. M. Morton. 5 male, 2 female char.
- ONLY A CLOD.** A Comic Drama in 1 Act. By J. P. Simpson. 4 male, 1 female char.
- PAYABLE ON DEMAND.** A Domestic Drama in 2 Acts. 7 male, 1 female char.
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- FUTKINS; Heir to Castles in the Air.** A Comic Drama in 1 Act. By W. R. Emerson. 2 male, 2 female char.
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- A RACE FOR A WIDOW.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 5 male, 4 female char.
- SARAH'S YOUNG MAN.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 3 male, 3 female char.
- THE SCARLET LETTER.** A Drama in 3 Acts. 8 male, 7 female char.
- SILVERSTONE'S WAGER.** A Comedietta in 1 Act. By R. R. Andrews. 4 male, 3 female.
- A SLICE OF LUCK.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 4 male, 2 female char.
- SMASHINGTON GOIT.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 5 male, 3 female char.
- A SOLDIER, A SAILOR, A TINKER, and a Tailor.** A Farce in 1 Act. 4 male, 2 female.
- SUNSHINE THROUGH THE CLOUDS.** A Drama in 1 Act. By Siingsby Lawrence. 3 male, 3 female char.
- TRUE UNTO DEATH.** A Drama in 2 Acts. By J. Sheridan Knowles. 6 male, 2 female char.
- THE TURKISH BATH.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Montague Williams and F. C. Burnand. 6 male, 1 female char.
- TWO GENTLEMEN IN A FIX.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 2 male char.
- TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Lenox Horne. 4 male, 1 female.
- THE TWO PUDDIFOOTS.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 3 female char.
- AN UGLY CUSTOMER.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Thomas J. Williams. 3 male, 2 female char.
- UNCLE ROBERT.** A Comedy in 3 Acts. By H. P. Curtis. 6 male, 2 female char.
- A VERY PLEASANT EVENING.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 3 male char.
- THE WELSH GIRL.** A Comedy in 1 Act. By Mrs. Planché. 3 male, 2 female char.
- WHICH WILL HAVE HIM?** A Vaudeville. 1 male, 2 female char.
- THE WIFE'S SECRET.** A Play in 5 Acts. By Geo. W. Lovell. 10 male, 2 female char.
- YOUR LIFE'S IN DANGER.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 3 female char.

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